

THE  
MONTHLY RECORD  
OF THE  
*Five Points House of Industry.*

Terms, One Dollar per Year.

Vol. XXI.

SEPTEMBER, 1877.

No. 5.



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# Five Points House of Industry.

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Day-School—Every week-day, Saturday excepted, from 9 A.M. to 3 P.M.

Sunday-School—At 2 o'clock P.M.

Children's Service of Song—Every Sunday at 3 1-2 o'clock P.M.

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## FORM OF A BEQUEST.

I give and bequeath unto my executors, in trust, to pay over to the Trustees of the FIVE POINTS HOUSE OF INDUSTRY, in the city of New York, (incorporated A.D. 1854,) or its Treasurer for the time being, the sum of \_\_\_\_\_ dollars, to be applied to the uses thereof.

Ex Libris

SEYMOUR DURST

(JAN 1854)  
DURST

# MONTHLY RECORD

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## Five Points House of Industry.

EDITED BY W. F. BARNARD, SUPERINTENDENT.

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### FALL THOUGHTS.

WE are glad for the cooler air which has now come to us. The heated days of the Summer have been very trying to the residents at the Five Points. Our children have stood the sea on remarkably well as far as health is concerned, and only an epidemic of eye troubles has afflicted us. For all of our good health we are devoutly thankful, still we hail the approach of Fall with relief. Already familiar faces are to be seen on our city streets, the houses are being opened, and a new life is being commenced. We extend a hearty welcome to our good friends, who have been rusticated by the sea-shore or the mountain side. We hope they have been re-created and have come back to home life with renewed interest in matters of Christian work, and that the old familiar story of wants and the prospects here will be kindly regarded, and that our RECORD will not appeal in vain. We only wish we had something more attractive to offer, but the tale of sorrow and want is very much the same always, and as we endeavor to give only the plain matter-of-fact accounts, without extra coloring, we sometimes feel that our readers may think we ought to be more attractive. The stories are pathetic enough which we hear and we wish we could portray them as we hear them.



## PUTTING THE DOLLIES TO BED.

THREE little waxen faces,  
Six little eyes shut tight,  
Two with their crimps all braided,  
One with her curls so light,  
Rest on the snowy pillow,  
Pray, hush ! a silence keep,  
Step lightly across the parlor,  
The dollies are going to sleep.

"Hushaby, hushaby, children,"  
Sang Kitty, softly and low,  
"Hushaby, hushaby, babies,  
There were never such children, I know.  
Such quiet, sweet little darlings,  
Matilda, don't pull Gracie's hair !,  
Hushaby, hushaby, babies,  
Hushaby, hushaby, there.

(Amanda, don't crowd Matilda),  
Hushaby, hushaby, by,

I guess you'd go to sleep quicker  
If you were as tired as I.  
I've been drefffully, drefffully busy,  
Had to wash, and iron, and bake :  
And Gracie tore her best apron,  
And I had another to make.

So hushaby, hushaby, dollies,  
That's right, shut your eyes up tight ;  
And I'll cuddle down beside you  
For a minute, to say good-night.  
Only just for a minute,  
For I an't sleepy at all,  
Only tired, so hushaby,  
Hushaby—hush—a-by—all."

I looked around in wonder,  
At the silence all did keep,  
And I foun—the little mother  
*Herself* had gone to sleep !

—*Youth's Companion*—

## PHIL'S EVENINGS AT HOME.

"PHIL, come out and play with us this evening : now, do come, won't you ? We boys have lots of fun after it begins to grow dark, playing 'wolf,' and hiding behind trees and things, and frightening folks, making believe we are wild animals. Say, will you ?"

"No, Frank. Mother doesn't want me to play out of doors when it is dark."

"She's awful strict, ain't she ? You don't have any good times now, do you, staying cooped up in the house evenings, when we are all having such splendid frolics ? and you a great boy ten years old ! I say it's too bad."

Phil laughed at Frank's burst of indignation.

"You needn't pity me," he said ; "for I have better times than you, though I do stay in the house."

"Why ! Does your mother let you play any where she is ?"

"Guess she does," replied Phil ; "and, what's better, plays too herself."

"Phil—Selden ! Does she, now, honest ? Why my mother says, if I'll only keep quiet, and out of her way, she'll be satisfied. And, when it's too stormy for me to go off evenings to play with the boys, there isn't any tbing for me to do ; for mother sits sewing at one side of the table, and father reads at the other, and Mary never can stop her work to speak to a fellow ; and, oh, dear ! it's awful."

"Now, look here," said Phil. "Let me tell you what we are going to do at my house this evening, and you see if it won't be nice :—

"After tea, I shall practice on the piano just half an hour, —for mother said I might learn to play easy tunes if I wanted to, —and then"—

"What !" interrupted Frank. "She let you play on her piano ? My mother won't let me go near ours ; and she knows how much I want to play."

"But I have to be just as careful as can be," said Phil, "and always have my hands clean ; and, if I hurt the piano any, she isn't going to let me play any more."

Well, when the half-hour is done, I'm going to pop some corn over the coals ; and then, after that is eaten, I shall get the croquet-board ready, for mother and I are going to play croquet a whole hour ; and then I shall read in my 'St. Nicholas' till exactly quarter-past eight. Then I shall say 'Good-night,' and"—

"Oh ! do you have to go to bed as early as that ?" said Frank. "If I was having such a good time, I'd stay up longer."

"But you see," replied Phil, "my mother does lots of things to please me ; and it seems kind of mean in a fellow not to please her ; though of course, I don't always want to go."

"Last night she was busy, and couldn't play any ; but she could smile at me once in a while."

"You've seen my paper city that I made. Well, sir, last evening I cut out another depot, and a train of twenty cars ; and some evening I'm going to paint them, and all the houses in my city, with those little paints mother gave me for a Christmas-present."

"Another thing I did last evening. I made some turtles. You just take a good fat raisin : leave a little speck of the stem on for the tail, stick four cloves in the sides for the feet, and one for a head, and it looks just a little mite of a turtle."

"Some time mother says she will show me how to make a clove-apple."

"You've seen them, Frank ?—apples all covered with cloves, so you can't see a single bit of the apple."

"Oh ! there was one more thing I did last evening, and that was to write a letter."

"And that's just what I hate to do," said Frank.

"Well, you see," continued Phil, "there was a question I wanted to ask mother : but grandpa was reading aloud ; so, of course I couldn't talk ; and mother whispered, 'Write.' Here's the letter now in my pocket. Mother wrote her answer on the back of it. Want to see it ?"

Frank took it, and read,—

OLD POINT, Jan. 2, 1877.

MY DARLING MOTHER.—May I carry my dinner to school to-morrow ? and will you make some ginger-snaps for me to take ? And, please, won't you make one like a hippopotamus ? and you'll be a splendid mother if you will ; and I will send you a turtle.

Your loving

PHIL.

MY LOVING PHIL,—I'll try to please you, because I think you wish to please me. I like turtles very much. Thank you.

MOTHER.

"Well, I declare !" said Frank : "that's considerable nice. Look here, Phil : you just ask your mother to tell other boys' mothers how to make such jolly evenings at their homes."—*Maria.*

## THE LIFE BOOK.

"MAMMA, if I were a woman—  
If I knew as much as you,  
I would write a book," said Lilly,  
"And I'd write it good and true.

I would make it just like talking—  
Like you talked to me last night—  
So that every one who read it  
Would love Jesus and do right."

"Every one, my love," said mamma,  
"Must at least one book compose;  
Each must write his own life-story  
From its dawning to the close.

On a new unwritten volume,  
Pure and spotless to the sight,  
Loving ones confer a title—  
Baby hands begin to write.

All through babyhood and childhood,  
Youth, mid-life, and trembling age,

Still those hands are writing, writing—  
Never lifting from the page.

Every word and every action,  
Rude or gentle, wrong or right,  
In its ugliness or beauty,  
Lives upon those pages white

Every deed of love and mercy  
Shines upon those leaflets fair,  
And if one has loved the Saviour,  
All his love is written there.

And when death comes, all his kindred  
Weeping round his couch attend,  
Just below the last words written,  
Angel hands will trace 'The End.'

Angel hands will clasp the volume,  
And will bear it up to God;  
But its teachings will be scattered  
O'er the earth, where'er he's trod."

—*Children's Friend.*

## OUR PIC-NIC.

As several friends had sent us money to be specially appropriated for fresh air for the children, our President suggested that we have a grand day among the trees in the country. As the amount sent us would scarcely pay half the necessary expenses he gave us leave to draw on him for the balance. We made arrangements with the Erie Railway, which kindly gave us two large cars, at a reduced rate, and we went to Turner's Station, forty-eight miles away from the city. On a hill near the depot is a nice little grove of trees and arrangements for the comfort of pick-nickers. The Company furnished us with all the ice we needed and we bought milk enough to give every child a large allowance, and *such* milk—rich and delicious—we never tasted better. The view of the Orange county hills was simply grand, and as our children rolled over and over in the grass and ran up and down the hill-side, we would have been glad to have had all our contributors enjoy the scene.

Messrs. Peck & Snyder, of 126 Nassau Street, kindly furnished us with bats and balls for the boys, while Mr. G. R. Johnston, of 43 Barelay Street, gave us a large lot of kites, in addition to

which we had carried a croquet set, and all these, added to the swings on the grounds, made up a perfect day's enjoyment. We had ham-sandwiches and cake to eat and the little people had reason at night to say that they had indeed breathed fresh, pure air one day at least.

To Mr. H. W. Moorehouse, of Turner's Station, we are specially indebted for his gratuitous services which helped very largely indeed to make the day pleasant, and also to Mr. Jno. N. Abbott, the Gen'l Ticket Agent, who, without extra charge, arranged a special train for our return. It was a red-letter day in our calendar.

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### BABIES AND THEIR RIGHTS.

A BABY has a right, too frequently denied it, *to be let alone*. It ought to be a rule in the nursery never to disturb the infant when it is happy and quiet. Older children, too, two, three and four years of age, who are amusing themselves in a peaceful, contented way, ought not to be wantonly interfered with. I have often seen a little creature lying in its crib cooing, laughing, crooning to itself in the sweetest baby fashion, without a care in the world to vex its composure, when in would come mamma or nurse, seize it, cover it with endearments, and effectually break up its tranquility. Then, the next time, when these thoughtless people wanted it to be quiet, they were surprised that it refused to be so. It is habit and training which make little children restless and fretful, rather than natural disposition, in a multitude of cases. A healthy babe, coolly and loosely dressed, judiciously fed, and frequently bathed, will be good and comfortable if it have not too much attention. But when it is liable a dozen times a day to be caught wildly up, bounced and jumped about, smothered with kisses, poked by facetious fingers, and petted till it is thoroughly out of sorts, what can be expected of it? How would fathers and mothers endure the martyrdom to which they allow the babies to be subjected?

Another right which every baby has is to its own mother's care and supervision. The mother may not be strong enough to hold her child and carry it about, to go with it on its outings, and to personally attend to all its wants. Very often it is really better for both mother and child that the strong arms of an abler-bodied woman should bear it through its months of helplessness. Still, no matter how apparently worthy of trust a nurse or servant may be, unless she have been tried and proved by a long and faithful service and friendship, a babe is too precious to be given unreservedly to her care. The mother herself, or an elder sister or auntie, should hover protectingly near the tiny creature, whose life-long happiness may depend on the way its babyhood is passed. Who has not seen in the city parks the beautifully dressed infants, darlings evidently of homes of wealth and refinement, left to bear the beams of the sun and the stings of gnats and flies, while the nurses gossiped together, oblivious of the flight of time? Mothers are often quick to resent stories of



the neglect or cruelty of their employees, and cannot be made to believe that their own children are sufferers. And the children are too young to speak.

The lover of little ones can almost always see the subtle difference which exists between the babies whom mothers care for and the babies who are left to hirelings. The former have a sweeter, shyer, gladder look than the latter. Perhaps the babies who are born, so to speak, with silver spoons in their mouths, are better off than those who came to the heritage of a gold spoon. The gold spooners have lovely cradles and vassinets. They wear Valenciennes lace and embroidery, and fashion dictates the cut of their bibs and the length of their flowing robes. They are waited upon by *bonnes* in picturesque aprons and caps, and the doctor is sent for whenever they have the colic. The little silver-spooners on the other hand, are arrayed in simple slips, which the mother made herself in dear delicious hours, the sweetest in their mystic joy which happy womanhood knows. They lie on the sofa, or on two chairs with a pillow placed carefully to hold them, while she sings at her work, spreads the snowy linen on the grass, moulds the bread, and shells the peas. The mother's hands wash and dress them, the father rocks them to sleep, the proud brothers and sisters carry them to walk, or wheel their little wagons along the pavement. Fortunate babies of the silver spoon.

Alas and alack ! for the babies who have never a spoon at all, not even a horn or a leaden one. Their poor parents love them amid the squalid circumstances which hem them in, but they can do little for their well-being, and they die by hundreds in garrets and cellars and close tenement rooms. When the rich and charitable shall devise some way to care for the babies of the poor, when New York shall imitate Paris in founding an institution akin to La Creche, we shall have taken a long step forward in the direction of social and moral elevation.

—*Christian Intelligencer.*

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### SEASIDE RECREATION.

THE Children's Aid Society, which has for several years extended the hospitality of its home by the sea to the House of Industry, repeated it again this year. Fifty-one of our girls were selected as the recipients of the trip, and went to Bath, L. I., where the home is located, and staid nearly three days. They had ample opportunity to swing, play croquet, run, and bathe, and the privileges were well improved. They used their vocal powers to such an extent that the neighbors of the vicinity gave them an ice cream treat, flowers, and confectionery. Mr. and Mrs. Holt, who have the general supervision, are just the right persons in the right place, and Miss Seymour, who oversees the inmates, endeared herself to our young folks by her kindness and thoughtfulness. The donors to the Seaside Home cannot but feel that their money is well invested.



## SUMMER'S GOING.

LEAVES are shrinking on the trees,  
Where the nests are hidden ;  
There's a hush among the bees,  
As to roam forbidden ;  
There's the silk of corn that shows  
Faded tangles blowing ;  
So that everybody knows,  
Darling, summer's going.

There's the mist that haunts the night  
Into morning sailing,  
Leaving filmy webs of light  
On the grasses trailing ;  
There's the fierce red sun that glows,  
Through the vapor showing ;  
So that everybody knows,  
Darling, summer's going.

There are insects' wings that gleam ;  
Locusts shrilly calling ;  
There are silences that seem  
Into sadness falling ;  
There is not another rose  
But the sweet-brier blowing ;  
So that everybody knows,  
Darling, summer's going.

Breathe but softest little sigh,  
Child, for vanished roses,  
For each season, going by,  
Something sweet discloses ;  
And if in your heart has grown  
*Truth to fairer blowing,*  
Summer then will be your own,  
Spite of summer's going.

—Mrs. L. C. Whiton, in *August Wide Awake*.

## THE STORY PEGGY TOLD TO THE TEA-KETTLE.

It was a quaint, pretty picture—the comfortable kitchen, the cosy hearth, puss washing her face, and little Peggy staring at the tea-kettle. She was sitting on a low bench, leaning forward, her elbows on her knees, her chin in one hand, and Polly—poor, old, worn, battered Polly—hanging dejectedly from the other.

It was the kettle's singing that startled her, just as if it had said, “Come, child, tell me your troubles,” and Peggy began :

“My legs has walked—oh, they has walked a hundred million miles! My shoes is is busted. I was walkin’ all the days with my mother. She tuk me all over the world. Everyw’eres except in the country. We never went anyw’eres nigh that. An’ I was allus axin’ her wouldn’t she bring me to it, an’ she was allus axin’ me what for did I want her to lave all her fri’nds an’ the city? An’ I said I didn’t like her fri’nds, an’ to let’s go away on the river. ‘Cause wunst w’en we was nigh to it I seen trees an’ hills acrost it. But she swears and axed me w’y didn’t I like her fri’nds? An’ I said, ‘‘Cause they was too big,’ for I knowed she’d bang me if she heard w’y it was.

Then she asked me w’y didn’t I play with the childers. But I telled her to luk at the wagin a-comin’ with bastes painted onto it, an’ the music a-playin’ inter it. Fur I didn’t want to tell her the childers was jest the same as her fri’nds, on’y they was little. But Billy ain’t the same. He’s good to me w’en my mother’s in prison. An’ he lets me sleep to his gran’mother’s ev’ry night, an’ he gives me some of his dinner—times w’en he’s got any—till it’s ten days and my mother she’s let out agin. She’s allus bein’ took up an’ bein’ let out agin in ten days. An’ the las’ time she was let out I says to her wunst agin : ‘Mother, let’s go on the river, an’ be let out at the country.’ But she wouldn’t. An’ she went roun’ the corner of Frankling street, an’ she tuk me inter a shop, an’ she guv the man her apron, an’ he guv her somethin’ to drink. An’ I axed

her wouldn't she giv it to me an' not drink it. But she wouldn't. So I axed her wouldn't she lave me a little, an' she did. An' I ran out the door an' spilled it on the stones. Then she banged me against the fince. An' the next day she tuk me to a store on the Third avenyer; an' I begged her fur *not* to go inside. But she would. An' that time she giv the man my hood, an' *he* gave her some-  
thin'. Then I held onto her w'en we was walkin' agin; for she couldn't walk straight any more. An' her fri'nds seed her, an' laughed; an' they called to me to let go of her. But I wouldn't. An' I shaked my fist at 'em. Then I telled her stories an' stories, an' I got her home at last. Then m're days we walked, an' every day I begged her not to go out. But she would. An' she giv her shawl at the corner of Svinth avenyer an' Thirty-eighth street, an' my petti-coat at Tinth avenyer an' Fifteenth street. An' her fri'nds laughed at her agin, 'cause of her walkin'. An' she hollered at 'em. Then they laughed awful, an' one of 'em throwed a petaty at her. Then I pulled her *hard*, an' I pulled her down, an' I put my two han's over her mouth to keep 'em from hearin' her; an' I begged an' begged her not to holler. But she would. Then there was hollerin' an' rowin', an' crowds, an' petaties, an' bangin'; an' the lady she took me han', an' I left my mother and went inter this house. And the bell rang, an' I heerd a voice, an' the voice said, 'I want my child!' An' it was my mother's voice. An' the lady axed me did I w'at to go out to her. But I telled her 'No! Fur she knocks me down an' bangs me agin the fince w'en she's like that.'

So they telled her for to come to-morrer and git me. An' I staid, an' the rovin' stopped, an' I knowed the men come an' tuk away my mother. An' I knows she won't come to-morrer. Fur I know she won't come till it's ten days. An' the lady she giv me things; an' I wonder what it was that made the lady cry! *She* didn't be banged. I wonder w'at it was! Then she giv me Polly.

An', Polly, I'll ax her will *she* let me go by meself, on'y wid you to the river; an' I ask some one to take us acrost.

Fur I think my legs is too tired, an' my shoes is too old to walk with my mother any more."

\* \* \* \* \*

The kettle has stopped singing; the picture of Peggy and the cosy hearth has faded. Now, away up the stairs, in a lonely corner of a dreary hospital, there is only a tiny bed, where Peggy lies with Polly nestled in her arms.

"They isn't any hills, Polly, is there? An' they is only five little trees. But there is *grass*! An' it is the *country*! If only they would let us touch the daisies! Did you see the daises, Polly? Oh, an' the *clovers*!

My mother didn't come termorrer. I knowed she wouldn't. Is it ten days, Polly? If my mother comes here I'll walk with her agin; an' I'll show her the daisies, an' the clovers; an' I'll show her how they ain't no shops here, nor no prisen. An' how they am't so much bangin'; and the children ain't ragged. Oh, an' they is beds! Polly, Polly, w'en I shut my eyes I sees the hills! Do you see 'em? I knows you do, Polly! We'll climb up this one, an' pull the daisies. They'll let us pull the clover an' the daises on the hills, Polly. We'se getting up. See! we'se nigh the top. O Polly! Polly! we ken lay down here an' never go away! Tell my mother, Polly, my legs was tired, an' my shoes—."

— Mrs. J. H. Morse, in *Christian Union*.

## KISSING THROUGH THE BARS.

WHEN I was but a boy in years,  
Near seventy years ago,  
I met a romping, laughing girl—  
Pure as the driven snow ;  
From spelling or from singing school,  
Beneath the glittering stars,  
I saw her home, but at the gate  
I kissed her through the bars.

And often, then, when going by  
Her house at eventide,  
I'd whistle that familiar strain—  
" Oh, Come! My Bonny Bride!"  
When to the road she'd blushing come,  
Bright as the evening stars,  
And clasp my hand so lovingly,  
Then kiss me through the bars.

Now old and gray, and bent with years,  
While in my easy chair,  
I sit and dream of youthful days,  
And hopes once bright and fair ;  
And fancy I am young again,  
And gazing on the stars—  
While waiting for my love to come  
And kiss me through the bars.

While by my side sits my old wife  
With furrows on her brow ;  
But to me there's been no change  
From blushing youth till now ;  
But fairer grown with lapse of years,  
Her love like twinkling stars,  
Has never changed since first she met  
And kissed me through the bars.

God bless this old gray wife of mine  
For what she's ever been  
Since first we met at spelling-school,  
And all the years since then ;  
And often now in walking out  
Beneath the same bright stars,  
She slyly asks me how I'd like  
To kiss her through the bars.

Tho' seventy years have bleached our hair  
White as the mountain snow,  
But to me she looks as fair  
As fifty years ago—  
When roses bloomed upon her cheeks,  
With eyes that shamed the stars—  
As when a boy I saw her home,  
And kissed her through the bars.

—H. Winchester, in *S. F. New Age*.

## CHAUNCEY ROSE.

AMONG the munificent givers to charitable enterprises of modern times the name of the gentleman who has given more than two millions of dollars must certainly stand foremost. It is with regret that we chronicle the decease of Mr. Rose. He died in Terre Haute, Ind., Aug. 13th, aged 83 years. Years ago he commenced distributing, with a lavish hand, the large fortune which he and his brother had accumulated and which, by his brother's decease had entirely fallen into his possession. This Institution was not forgotten in the donations, and we have hanging in our office a picture of the gentleman whose liberality has enabled the House of Industry to enlarge its work and to care for so many helpless ones.

The following we cut from a contemporary :

We gather a few facts from a lengthened account of his useful life from a Terre Haute paper.

Mr. Rose was born in Weathersfield, Connecticut, in 1794, so that at the time of his death he arrived at the advanced age of eighty-three years. He was one

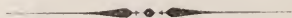
of five sons. His brothers, John, Rosewell, William, and Henry, were all successful business men, and are all now dead. He was brought up on a farm, but at the age of twenty-two went West, with two thousand dollars loaned him by one of his brothers for a start in business. He settled first at Roseville, Indiana, which town was named for him. From there he went to Terre Haute, which has ever since been his home, and it is said that there are but few persons now there among a population of thirty thousand, on whose lives that of Chauncey Rose had not an influence. A beautiful tribute is paid to his noble and useful character by the above journal.

"Though the subject of this sketch was shrewd in railroad and real estate speculations, and met with rare success in all his most important business ventures, it is not these which are of chief interest in such an account, but the story of his princely charities. But of these it is impossible to give any adequate details. Shunning the comment and even the approval of the world, this good man has scattered his gifts silently and generously through dozens of different channels, in most of which no one now can trace them.

\* \* \* \* \*

It has been stated that Mr. Rose left a fortune of five millions dollars, and that his public charities have amounted to over two millions. But the former is far above the true figures, while the latter is made up only from such facts as happened to be known.

Chauncey Rose was one of few men who had money, and yet did not love money. He used it as a means to scatter blessings. Though wealthy he was exactly the opposite of a miser. He seemed to love to give; not for the sake of winning friends, not to call forth praise, but from the lofty principles of true benevolence."



A LITTLE girl of four or five years asked her mother one day if she had not seen Colonel Porter. "No, my child," was the reply, "he died before you were born." "Well, but, mamma," she insisted, "if he went up before I came down we must have met."

A GRANDCHILD of Dr. Emmons, when not more than six years old, came to him with a trouble weighing on her mind.

"A. B. says the moon is made of green cheese, and I don't believe it."

"Don't you believe it? Why not?"

"I know it isn't."

"But how do you know?"

"Is it, grandpa?"

"Don't ask me the question; you must find it out yourself."

"How can I find it out?"

"You must study into it."

She knew enough to resort to the first of Genesis for information, and after a truly Emmons-like search, she ran into the study.

"I've found it! The moon is not made of green cheese, for the moon was made before the cows were."



## THEY AND WE.

They have but passed a corner  
Out of our sight ;  
We, following on, shall clasp them  
In realms of light.

We in the quiet suburbs  
Awhile remain ;  
They in the heavenly city  
Find endless gain.

We, from our basement windows,  
Look out with tears ;  
They, in the royal chambers,  
Never know fears.

We, 'mid the gathering shadows,  
Find sorrow's night :

They, in the fadeless glory,  
See Christ, the Light !

We plead with faltering accents,  
" Help us to pray ;"  
They, with a harp of glory,  
Give praise away !

We to the Lord are crying  
For His own rest ;  
They, with unbroken gladness,  
Lean on His breast.

We, by-and-by, the portals  
Of heaven shall win ;  
They, with the olden welcome,  
Shall bid us in !

—Exchange.

## MRS. HEADACHE.

I WAS taking a walk lately in a town which I sometimes visit, when I came suddenly upon a strange-looking little house, with narrow windows, in front of which were standing a crowd of queer-looking creatures, with very small bodies, big heads and mouths, and long, ugly arms.

"What can they be?" I wondered. "Perhaps elves or fairies."

I had read about elves and fairies, and knew that fairies were always very pretty, and very nicely dressed in what we would call evening dresses, but that elves are awkward and ugly, as well as poorly clothed. But these little fellows had very nice clothes on, all made of scarlet cloth. What and who could they be? So I stood looking at them until the tallest among them by mounting on the shoulders of another, rang the bell. Very soon a little fellow, just like them opened the door, and in they rushed. It was evidently their home. Before the little porter could shut the door I pushed in after them. I think now it was rather a rude thing to do under the circumstances; besides, if they had been or a elves they might have changed me instantly into a white mouse, a rose-bush, or a brass door-knocker, and I might never have recovered my own shape to this day. But without stopping to think of this, I went in. The little porter ushered me into a little parlor, where everything was very small. Here, at a little table covered with books and papers, sat a little old woman, dressed in bright green, and wearing spectacles.

She bowed her head. I bowed mine. Then I began to make an awkward sort of apology for the strange way in which I was behaving; but the lady of the house stopped me by saying:

"Make no apologies. I am Mrs. Headache."

"Mrs. Headache!" I repeated.

"Yes; Mrs. Headache."

"Poor creature!" thought I to myself. "I wonder if she has a headache every day."

She really seemed to understand my thoughts, for she answered very quickly :

"No, I have no headaches myself, in your sense of the word, but I have the control of all the headaches among children in this part of the world. Those are my sons. Look !" And I looked and saw innumerable little fellows, all busy,—some hurrying out, some hurrying home, some waiting for orders. Mrs. Headache turned to her pile of books.

"Here," said she, "I have in writing all that they are to do to-day. Number 496 !"

Number 496 came in at once.

"I want you," said his active little mother, "to take thirty-five of your brothers and go to the party in Grand street this evening. There is to be a fine supper set out, and a great deal of gas lighted, and a great deal of heat. The children are to stay very late, and one of you will be needed to go home with every child, and remain with it all day to-morrow."

"Will they show themselves to the company?" I asked.

"No ; my children will be invisible ; but they will use their fists well, to pound and hammer the heads of those young guests to-morrow."

"How dreadful !"

"Not dreadful at all. Those children are all disobeying the rules of health, which are very simple. I send my little ones to them, not as a punishment, but as a warning. I heard of a children's party yesterday in the open air. They all went home and to bed early. I sent no headaches there."

More little fellows came in for orders. She sent them away in crowds. Some went to children who would play in the hot sun ; some, to some little boys who made themselves very dizzy sliding down the banisters ; some, to children who spent a great deal of their pocket-money in colored sweet things which looked like pink and yellow eggs.

"Do you think, then, that children should never eat good things, Mrs. Headache, nor play much, nor run ?"

"By no means. I want them to play and run. I want them to eat good things, but not such good things, or rather *bad* things, as pink and yellow and purple sugar-plums. I must send them my warnings if they will not obey the rules of Health. Some of them sit up a great deal too late ; some walk a great deal too much ; others not half enough. Some study too hard—pore over their lessons when they ought to be playing. Oh ! I have a great deal to do, I can tell you, but I can always wait upon you, ma'am if you want me. Just let me know."

"By mail?" I inquired.

"No ; by my telegraph. Sit in a very hot room, or eat anything you know to be bad for you, or sleep with your windows shut down,—there are many ways to summon me, and I will attend to the call at once, and let you have any number of my most active children to try their fists on the tenderest part of your head."

I thanked Mrs. Headache, and went home just as fast as I could.—*St. Nicholas.*

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THE first step towards making a man of your son, is to train him to earn what he spends ; the next best step is to teach him how to save his earnings.

## LITTLE THINGS.

LITTLE birds sit on the telegraph wires,  
 And chatter, and flutter, and fold their wings;  
 Maybe they think that for them and their sires  
 Stretched always on purpose those wonderful  
 strings;  
 And perhaps the thought that the world inspires,  
*Did plan for birds among other things.*

Little birds sit on the slender lines,  
 And the news of the world runs under their  
 feet—  
 How value rises, and then declines,  
 How kings with their armies in battle meet;  
 And all the while 'mid the soundless signs,  
 They chirp their small gossipings, foolish—  
 sweet.

Little things light on the lines of our lives,  
 Hopes and joys and acts of to-day;  
 And we think that for these the Lord contrives,  
 Nor catch what the *hidden* lightnings say.  
 Yet from end to end his meaning arrives,  
 And his word runs underneath all the way.

Is life only wires and lightning then,  
 Apart from that which about it clings?  
 Are the thoughts and the works, and the prayers  
 of men  
 Only sparrows that light on God's telegraph  
 strings,  
 Holding a moment and gone again?  
 Nay! he planned for the birds with the larger  
 things.

—Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.

## WHAT SHALL WE DO?

is a question we find ourselves asking frequently now. We are still besieged with the cry, "help us in some way!" How shall we answer? The following note concerning two children we received the other day from one of our good friends:

MY DEAR MR. BARNARD :

I was so delighted with my visit to the "House" two months ago, that I want very much to have two more children in it. Their mother is the nurse at a small hospital I am much interested in, she is a most earnest and trustful christian, but now is almost discouraged, as she finds it impossible to support with small wages, her four children. Her husband died several years ago. Her two little girls are already provided for, one in the hospital and the other with her sister. All the institutions the ladies have applied to, for the boys, are so full that they can not be admitted. so to-day I said I would write and ask if there was room for the poor little fellows at the "House." One is nine, and the other almost five. The mother, in speaking of them to-day, said, "that all she asked for them was that they should grow up to love and know Jesus." Please tell me frankly if I am asking too much or if the House is already too full to admit these children and we will have to look for "somewhere else." Please excuse my troubling you and believe me very sincerely yours.

Our reply was, "we will try to squeeze them in, and, although our treasury is \$8,000 in arrears, yet we believe that the 'Lord will provide.'" Appeals are coming thicker and faster, and we really have more children in the House than we ought to have but what shall we do? To say no to applicants is to turn into the street worthy people, to say yes is to add to our number of

mouths to feed, with no prospect of immediate resources to pay our bills with, so we present the question to our friends for them to answer for us. The filling up of our treasury means keep on receiving—its emptiness, stop admitting. As near as we can learn the most of the institutions in the city are full of children, while several of them have full treasuries to draw from, unfortunately we are the one without having the other. What shall we do?

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### BABY-LAND.

“How many miles to Baby-land?”	Shout and grow;
“Any one can tell;	Jolly times have they!”
Up one flight,	
To your right;	“What do they say in baby-land?”
Please to ring the bell.”	“Why, the oddest things:
	Might as well
“What can you see in Baby-land?”	Try to tell
“Little folks in white—	What a birdie sings!”
Downy heads,	
Cradle beds,	“Who is the queen of Baby-land?”
Faces pure and bright!”	“Mother, kind and sweet;
	And her love,
“What do they do in baby-land?”	Born above,
“Dream and wake and play,	Guides the little feet.”
Laugh and crow,	— <i>Hartford Times.</i>

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### THE DOLL'S PARTY.

It was the Fourth of July, and a clear beautiful summer morning; but I can hear you say a very remarkable day for Lillie to have her doll's party. Well the truth is I suspect she thought the boys would all be more interested in their fire-crackers than in her, and they could have one comfortable meal undisturbed, so she invited Lucy and Mary Brown with their dollies to spend the afternoon and take tea under the chestnut tree, where there was plenty of shade and quiet, in case Seraphina wished to take a nap. She sent the invitations two days beforehand, for being a mother herself, she knew the girls would wish to wash and iron Seraphina's best dress so that she would not disgrace her family by a slovenly appearance. The invitation being accepted, Lillie began to make arrangements to drink tea out of doors from the new china tea-set her mother had given her; the small sized extension-table was carried out, covered with a clean white cloth and plenty of delicacies heaped upon it, such as strawberries and ice cream, molasses, fresh bread and butter, and cake. The latter had raisins in it, for Lillie thought it was such fun to pull them out, and consequently begged very hard to have them just this once, and besides they made such nice bites for Seraphina whose mouth was not very large.

I wish you could have seen them sitting under the shade of the tree in their



pretty white dresses ; they looked as sweet as little girls can look, and you know how sweet that is.

"Dear me," said Lucy Brown, "I've been up all night with my daughter, she gives me so much trouble by not sleeping ; really I fear I shall have to see the doctor."

"Oh ! oh ! that would be dreadful," exclaimed the rest of the company, "why don't you give her some paregoric, it always sends our children to sleep right off?"

"I really think I must," she answered, "or I shall have to go to the sea-shore for my own health."

The five nollies looked on in dumb delight, not daring to open their mouths, perhaps because their mothers had taught them that children must be seen and not heard, and possibly because their hats were tied so tight under their chins, to make them stay on, that they could not move their lips. The girls were not at all neglectful of their dolls' comfort, they never took a bite of anything themselves without offering some to their children, which, of course, they prudently refused so that their mothers could eat it for them.

They never once thought of Lillie's brother who had comfortably perched himself upon a high limb of the chestnut tree, and was nearly exploding with trying to keep from laughing. "I declare," he thought, "but it would be prime fun to drop down a torpedo on the table just to see how scared they'll be." He had had hard work to resist doing so all the time he had been hiding, but lest he might lose some of their fun he had resisted the temptation ; but now the spirit was quite willing enough, so he drew one from his pocket and turned it over and over in his hand, and taking a good aim dropped it right into Seraphina's lap, where it exploded and put out one of her beautiful blue glass eyes.

The girls all screamed, and Lillie caught her doll in her arms and cried and cried as if her heart would break.

They carried Seraphina to the house and tried to mend her, but the eye was too far in the back of her head to bring it back. Poor Lillie, she loved her doll as much as as if she had been a real, true, live young lady, and was very much distressed at the dreadful mishap. "How could Johnny be so cruel," she cried, "as to hurt my Seraphina. I do think he is the meanest boy I ever saw, and I'll never, never forgive him." But her mother took Lillie on her lap and told her John did not mean to hurt Seraphina, but boys played so much rougher than girls. they thought dolls were silly things, but not to mind it, and she would buy her a new one. But Lillie did mind, though she tried not to feel unhappy, and I think she gained a great victory over John when she told him she forgave him with all her heart. John felt, I am sure, he had been rude and unkind, but was too proud to say so, but when Lillie told him she thought it was quite accidental and would not feel so badly, he came right out like a good honest boy and apologized. That was the best way to do, and John tries now to be polite, but I am afraid he will not succeed if he does not remember the feelings of others. — *Abro Collingwood.*

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Do not forget that while you fold your hands Time folds not his wings.

## BETTER TIMES.

WE hope that the statement made in a city paper, recently, concerning business, is true, and that brighter skies are soon to be our canopy. The merchants who have been our helpers have suffered so severely during the past year that we have felt the stringency as well, and we devoutly hope that all branches of business may speedily improve. There are no more generous hearts anywhere than the good people of New York have, for it is rare that any good work ceases to exist for want of support. If any charitable enterprise is rightly conducted, so as to commend itself to the generosity of New Yorkers, it is remembered, as we have abundant reasons to testify, and we can but keenly regret any disaster overshadowing our business men. The season for improvement will be one of unalloyed joy.

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Money Received for Record, from Aug. 1 to Sept. 1, 1877.

Brinckerhoff, Mrs. W. C., Westport, Ct. . . . .	\$1 00	Haven, J., Fort Washington.....	\$1 00
Dwight, Amos.....	5 00	Nichols, Flora E., Rutland, Vt.....	1 00
Tenney, A. C., Boston, Mass.....	1 00	Thayer, Mrs. Julia B., Keene, N. H.....	1 00

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Money Received from Aug. 1 to Sept. 1, 1877.

"Blessed is the man that considereth the poor; the Lord shall deliver him in time of trouble."

"He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord."

"The Lord loveth a cheerful giver."

B. E. S.....	\$ 1 00	Ross, D., Leith, Ca., for special case.....	\$10 00
B. L. C.....	5 00	Sunday Collection, Aug. 5th.....	4 73
Friend R. W. P.....	5 00	" " " 12th.....	8 00
Haines, Mrs. F. W.....	10 00	" " " 19th.....	6 11
J. H., Fort Washington.....	5 00	" " " 26th.....	3 28
Lyon, M. W., Bethel, Me.....	10 00	Thayer, Mrs. Julia B., Keene, N. H., for	
Ross Bros., Owen Sound, Ca.....	10 00	fresh air.....	3 00

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Donations of Food, Clothing, etc., from Aug. 1 to Sept. 1, 1877.

Colt, J. B. & Co.....	pkg. clothing.	Quimby, Prof. E. T., Hanover, N. H.....	papers.
Dauids, Thaddeus & Co.....	quart of macilage.	Ridley, E. & Son.....	box of sundries.
Davis, Mrs.....	bread, clothing, shoes, and hats.	Sayer, Mrs. Dr. L. A.....	pkg. clothing.
Friend.....	pkg. books.	Towt, Louis W.....	bag clothing.
Industrial School.....	box shoes.	Valentine & Company.....	quart of varnish.
Knox, Mrs.....	pkg. clothing.	W. F. J., Mrs., Milford, Ct.,	
Lyon, Ames & Crawford.....	quart of ink.		2 bbls. clothing, shoes, etc.
M. S. F.....	pkg. clothing.	Webb, Mr.....	pkg. clothing.
Johnston, G. R.....	large lot of kites.	White, John.....	25 pies.
Peck & Snyder.....	6 bats and 4 balls.		

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